

# Standing at the Threshold

by D.M.P

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Summary: A little poem from all the Animorphs POV as they look at who they are...

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Standing at the threshold

Of self-discovery

Peering ov'r the brink

What shall I find? Who will I see?

Standing at the threshold

I look down to see

A warrior, bloodlust in her eye

Fighting for the thrill

A soldier, ruthless and violent

Living for the kill

Standing at the threshold

I look down to see

A scarred soul, innocence forgotten

Replaced by a forced sin  
For ev'ry death she causes  
Is taking life from within  
Standing at the threshold  
I look down to see  
A tired leader, youth grown old  
Experienced commander to them all  
With lives hanging in the balance  
One mistake, and they will fall  
Standing at the threshold  
I look down to see  
A lost one, trapped between two worlds  
Who cannot place his loyalty  
Finding the people to fight for  
In this time of misery  
Standing at the threshold  
I look down to see  
A boy within the bird, fighting to be free  
Free of this body, free of this pain  
Of knowing that bein' one with his love  
Is something he can never gain.  
Standing at the threshold  
I look down to see  
A reluctant fighter, caught within a trap  
Between the war and family  
Will his slay his mother  
To destroy a living monstrosity?  
Standing at the threshold  
Of self-discovery  
The person that is revealed,

Is that person really me?

End  
file.